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—IN THIS SPACE—


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ANNE.

His Reply—Dear Annie, I have examined your contributions with pleasure, but regret that I must return them as not available, owing to the pressure of other matter upon the columns of my future happiness. Yours in charity,

CHARLIE.

—Chicago Tribune.

Genius.

"Do you know that delightful Mr. Everard—the one who took such high honors at college some years ago? He is a brilliant fellow, and can converse charmingly on almost any subject."

"No, I don't know him. Is he a lawyer?"

"Lawyer! How can you ask such a thing? Mr. Everard is much too refined a man to make his living out of other people's quarrels. No, indeed! He breeds horses and dogs."—Life.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

ENGLISH FASHIONS WHICH SUGGEST NOVELTIES FOR WEDDINGS.

Engagement and Wedding Rings—An Illustrated Description of the New Basket Plaits of Hair That Have Appeared in One of the Low Coiffures.

In the accompanying illustration is shown the new basket plaits wound in a low coil at the back of the head and falling quite below the nape of the neck. This is a new fashion which is being affected more or less by young Englishwomen and Parisians. It is only one of the several styles indulged in by ladies who incline to dress the hair low. Another English style, which, by the way, is gaining patronage with American women, is one in which the hair is all drawn together low at the nape of the neck, and there coiled into a knot, which is pulled out loose and flat.



NEW BASKET PLAITS.

The increased favor shown to low coiffures, does not, in the least, argue that high coiffures are out of fashion; both are considered correct, it being only a matter of taste which is selected. A very attractive style of dressing the hair consists in the wearing of three fancy combs, bent and small, placed either singly in the hair, or close together like a diadem.

Suggestions for Easter Weddings.

In these days when both men and women follow closely so many English styles, it may not come amiss to tell our readers of some of the fashions that prevail at English weddings, and which suggest pleasing changes from old time customs.

The dresses of the pages, when there are any at weddings, are usually in the same color as those of the bridesmaids. In our cut is represented a George III costume of golden brown plush with white figured satin waistcoat. Jacket of old lace fastened with a pearl pin, white ring and pigtail, gold knee buckles, brown silk stockings, and shoes with buckles, as worn at a recent English wedding in high life.

At a fashionable wedding which took place a short time ago, the two pages carried silver headed sticks (presented by the bride), with flowers tied to them by ribbons. At another wedding gold headed walking sticks were presented by the bridegroom to each of the bridesmaids.

The newest things for bridesmaids are the floral slippers, which hang from the left arm by ribbon loops, and are filled with real flowers put into moss and fixed by wire. There are two or three sizes, according to the age of the recipients, and the color corresponds with the costume. Sometimes the monogram of bride and bridegroom, or a name is worked in gold or silver across the toe, but usually the slipper is merely an ordinary high heeled satin one. A spray of fern or some delicate climber falls over each side, and a tin is fitted inside. They can be kept as souvenirs of the memorable day.

When the bridegroom has a floral name, such as Rose, Heath, etc., the bride's party has that flower in it; and a quaint idea of late has been to mount a very tiny white satin slipper (for good luck, as slippers are thrown after the departing couple for that purpose) on wire, and place it in the center. At the wedding of a Mr. Rice recently there were three little slippers put in among the flowers, each one being filled with rice.

The wide ribbon bouquets which now adorn brides and bridesmaids are often drawn together at the ends and finished off with tassels of pearls or silver tinsel.

Engagement and Wedding Rings.

The engagement ring is no longer confined to a solitary diamond, but may be any colored gem preferred by the bride-elect, associated with diamonds somewhat smaller in size.

The wedding ring, as a rule, is a band, plain and inconspicuous, of pure gold.

It is quite the fashion now for the lady to present her fiancé with a betrothal ring. The ring just now in favor for this purpose is a gold one, with a single stone set flush.

Fashion Notes.

English walking hats are more elaborately trimmed than were those worn during the winter.

Large plaits have appeared in both wool and wash dress goods for little girls.

Braided gowns and jackets continue in fashion.

Feather fans are much carried with evening toilets.

Widows wear Byron collars and outside cuffs of white muslin, with hem stitched borders.

The tournure is decreasing in size as the season advances.

What Dynamite is Like.

It may be a matter of news to some of our readers that the much talked about dynamite explosive, is in appearance much like moist brown sugar. Nitro-glycerine, which is formed by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine, at a low temperature, explains Golden Days, is the active agent in dynamite, but is mixed with some absorbent substance to render it safer to handle than the liquid glycerine. The absorbent material thus used is a silicious earth—a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria, and resembling powdered chalk. This takes up two or three times its weight of the nitro-glycerine without becoming pasty, and the ingredients are easily mixed, loaded vessels and wooden spoons being used to avoid dangerous friction. When fire is applied to this mass it burns with a strong flame, without any explosion, but when ignited by a detonating fuse, or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremendous.

THE LILIES OF EASTER.



Easter lilies freshly bloom O'er the conquered tomb; Cups of incense, pure and fair, Pour oblations on the air. Easter glory sudden flows Through the portal none can close. Death and darkness flee away, Christ the Lord is risen today.

Shining forms are sitting by Where the folded garments lie; Loving Mary knows no fear While the waiting angels hear. They have taken my Lord away, Know ye where he lies today? Sweet they answer to her cry, As their pinions pass her by.

See the Master stand to greet Her that weepeth at his feet. "Mary!" At the tender word Well she knows her risen Lord! All her love and passion breaks In the single word she speaks—Here the sweet "Rabboni!" tell All her woman heart as well!

"Quickly go, and tell it out Unto others round about. Thou hast been forgiven much; Tell it, Mary, unto such. By thy love within thy heart, This my word to them impart; Death shall touch the soul no more, Christ thy Lord has gone before!"

THE VIOLET GIRL.

What Tiny Joe Told Little Nell About Easter and Its Flowers.

"Violets, sweet violets; who will buy my violets?"

A chorus of voices in wild confusion called upon the passers by to purchase the bunches of spring flowers that had sprung up after the winter snows to greet the glad resurrection feast.

They had taken their stand outside Covent garden, these poor women and girls whose bread depended upon the sale of their violets. It was growing dark, and Easter eve, too, and this was their last chance. If the flowers were not sold before they went to their wretched homes, they would be lost, all dead and withered before Monday morning.

There was a girl who stood among the crowd, holding her basket in her hand, but not opening her lips, not joining in the general clamor, only leaning against the wall, and looking so pale and wretched, it went to one's heart to think that there was such misery in the world as was written on that fair young face. For it was very fair, in spite of the tale it told of poverty and want; there was something in the girl's whole appearance different to the people among whom she was standing, something of refinement to which they were strangers, and which they could not understand. They ran after every one who passed, screaming, vociferating, entreating; she stood in her place, not speaking a single word, only standing there with that look of mute entreaty upon her poor, thin face.



"VIOLETS, WHO WILL BUY MY VIOLETS?"

"Nell, why don't you speak, why don't you run after the gentlemen?" said a good natured looking red faced woman; "it's your only chance; I've got rid of six bunches in the last half hour."

"I cannot," answered Nell; "don't ask me; indeed, indeed, I cannot; if they want the flowers they will come and buy them, but it's no good to make them give their money when they had rather keep it."

The woman opened her round eyes, and looked at Nell wondering.

"If you're so mighty squeamish you ain't likely to get on; take my advice, and don't be silly—make the folks buy; I tell you they won't do it without being axed—come, run after that young swell; a bunch of violets in his buttonhole would make quite a gentleman of him."

"No, I cannot, indeed I cannot,"

"Very well, then, I will," and Nancy Drake followed a young man half way down the street, and at last induced him to buy some of her flowers.

Meanwhile Nell still stood in her old place, and by the time Nancy returned the girl had found a customer.

A little maiden, about 10 years old, with a respectable looking, white capred nurse, stood before her. The little lady bore about her whole appearance unmistakable signs of ease and luxury.

"How much are they—the flowers?" she said.

"Three pence a bunch," replied Nell, modestly.

"I mean how much for all of them? I want them for the church, you know, to put round the altar Easter Sunday."

Poor Nell could scarcely believe her ears or conceal her great joy at so good a piece of luck, as she handed the flowers to the maid, who gave her in return more money than she had had for many a day.

"Flowers for the church," mused Nell. "I wonder why they put them there. I wonder what Easter means. I guess it is only for the quality—grand ladies and grand little girls like the one who bought my flowers." Thus soliloquizing and hugging her pence and happiness, Nell hastened to make her way home.

But finding herself in front of a brilliantly lighted church, she paused to again consider the problem that had so puzzled her. Tiny Joe, the poor little hunchback, who lived round the corner from Nell's own humble home, stood there too. Joe went to Sunday school, he would know.

"What's Easter day?" asked Nell, laying her hand on Tiny Joe's arm. "Why is today Easter eve? Is it something for the rich people?"

Tiny Joe's dark eyes turned wonderingly upon the flower girl's face, as he said impressively:

"It's for you, it's for me, it's for all," and then he told her in his simple way of the joy that had come at Christmas when the holy child was born in the manger; and he went on to speak of Good Friday, when Christ was nailed upon the cross, so that he might take us all to live with him in heaven; he told of all his sufferings, how he was laid in the garden grave, and then came the story of the Easter joy—how he rose again from the dead, and how he has gone back to his place in heaven to ask God to take us there because he died for us, "and oh, Nell," said Joe, when he had ended his wondrous tale, "never mind how poor or how hungry we are, and what pain we have to suffer, so long as we think of all that Jesus bore for us, and remember the Easter joy, how he rose again, to show us that after we was dead we should rise again also and live with him for ever in the beautiful city where there's no more pain."

Nell, who had listened to the story in breathless astonishment, said: "Can we go in?" and the boy, in reply, led her up the stone steps and through the vestibule into the brightly lighted church.

There were flowers, beautiful flowers, surrounded by numberless lights. There were violets, her own violets, around the chancel. There were bright hymns, more beautiful than the flower girl had ever heard in her life. Everything seemed to tell of the Easter gladness.

Nell understood little of the sermon, but all seemed to speak of the same thing, and as she wished to know more about it she decided she would go to school the next night and begin to learn. And so she did, proving long before the year was out one of the most diligent of the many pupils who attended the night school.



"WHAT'S EASTER DAY?" ASKED NELL.

In this short tale it cannot be told in detail how the girl, naturally quick and intelligent, gradually rose from her humble station as a violet girl to a respected teacher in that same school. All will believe, however, that Nell in after life never saw a sweet violet without recalling that Easter eve when, hand in hand with Tiny Joe, she resolved to live a new life—a life removed from poverty and ignorance.

LOVE MAKING AT EASTER.

The season of Eastertide, which originally brought thanksgiving and joy of a religious nature only, has come to be observed by the younger portion of humanity as a fitting time in which to exchange friendly and even love tokens in the way of bouquets and other gifts more or less remotely related to the feathered tribe and its products. The idea of fabricating imitation eggs in sugar, precious metals and choice porcelains is of comparatively recent origin. But their manufacture has become, not only in France and Germany, but in New York as well, a source of important traffic. About the beginning of December the leading factories of bonbons, both abroad and in this country, begin their preparations for Easter.

Not only are the bonbons themselves in some degree works of art, but the bags, baskets and boxes made to contain them are still more so. These latter are models of taste and elegance. For instance, a basket formed of straw, satin and flowers, the bottom of which is covered with a lace pocket-handkerchief, as though it were simply a graceful addition to the satin lining on which repose the egg shaped bonbons. But this handkerchief costs a good many dollars, and thus some loveliest swain is enabled, when sending a lady something a few scores of delicious bonbons, to make her a handsome present in the most delicate possible way. A silver egg that opens in half on touching some mysterious spring forms a pleasing receptacle for a jeweled brooch, simulating an Easter lily, or, if one feels so inclined, to celebrate this second New Year's day, a betrothal ring.



CUPID'S PRANKS.

This custom of sending presents at Easter originated in France, where it for a time was the fashion for a gentleman to send the younger relatives of his fiancée a box or basket of choice bonbons. From this the custom grew to flowers and bonbons to the fiancée herself, and the receptacles for the flowers and bonbons became more and more expensive, and finally ended in the concealing of costly presents in the Easter package. In New York Easter cards, song books in decorative bindings, silver covered prayer books and articles of jewelry, simulating early spring flowers and birds are numbered with fashionable and popular Easter gifts.

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